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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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APRIL, 1817.

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*MISS MARGARET SOMERVILLE.*

**C**IBBER very justly observed, "That the animated graces of the player can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that present them; or, at least, can but faintly glimmer through the memory, or imperfect attestation, of a few surviving spectators." If such the transitory fame of a player, who "struts his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more," how valuable is the talent of the Biographer, who, "catching the manners living as they rise," holds up to posterity dramatic excellencies, which otherwise would soon be forgotten. None of the present day, for instance, can remember Betterton, and consequently can know nothing personally of the abilities of that once celebrated tragedian; but who can read this declaration of Cibber, "That he never heard a line in tragedy come from Betterton, wherein his judgement, his ear, and his imagination, were not fully satisfied," but must rest perfectly convinced of his transcendant abilities. Such are the advantages of Biographical Memoirs, and the preceding observations have occurred to us, as by no means foreign to the subject of our present memoir.

Miss Somerville was born the 26th of October, 1799, in Lanarkshire, in Scotland: she was first educated at a respectable seminary in Sloane-street, and afterwards by the Misses Curtess, at Paddington; where a friendly intercourse commenced with Miss Hayter, the daughter of the celebrated artist. Miss Somerville used to recite select pieces of poetry to private parties of her friends, which raised their admiration, and inclined them to think that her native talents and fine person for the stage ought not to remain in obscurity; and, through their persuasion, her parents reluctantly permitted her to appear as a candidate for public favour; the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird, from the flattering terms in which he had heard her spoken of by Mr. Hayter, jun. introduced, and recommended Miss Somerville to the attention of the managers of the Drury-Lane theatre. This young lady made her *debut* at this theatre in the character of Imogen, in the tragedy of Bertram, in May, 1815; and performed the same character twenty-two nights in succession with great applause. This rare success was the more unexpected, as she had not left her school twelve months, and had but little knowledge of the histrionic art; she, however, received a permanent engagement; and has this season appeared in the character of Alicia, in Jane Shore, and since as Imoinda, in Oroonoko. In both these characters she displayed her usual discrimination, and in some of the passages she was peculiarly affecting; her tones awakened the feelings of every listener, and touched their hearts. If she was not uniform in the appeal to the emotions, it cannot be wondered at, when we consider what few opportunities this young candidate for public favour has had of acquiring knowledge in the art.

Miss Somerville, to the advantages of a handsome person, and expressive countenance, joins high requisites for the tragic drama; and when an unexperienced and youthful performer becomes at once the favourite of an audience, we may be assured, that nothing but time is wanted to disclose and bring her powers to maturity.

On Saturday, March 8th, Miss S. made her appearance

as Victoria, in Mr. Maturin's new tragedy of Manuel. Of this performance altogether we shall have occasion to notice in our dramatic report, therefore, at present, we take our leave of Miss Somerville, wishing her that success, in her theatrical career, her talents so evidently deserve.

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#### VANITY OF OPINIONS.

POPE once laid a wager, that the highest, and most extravagant adulation would not offend Sir Godfrey. To prove his assertion, he said to him one day as he was painting, "Sir Godfrey, I believe, if God Almighty had availed himself of your assistance, the world would have been formed more perfect than it is." "'Fore gad, sir," replied Kneller, "I believe so too." This impious answer was, however, not so extraordinary; for, in conversation on religious subjects, he was extremely free; his paraphrase on a text of scripture is a proof of it; the passage is, "In my father's house are many mansions," which he turned thus—"At the day of judgement, God will examine mankind in their different professions; to one he will say, of what sect were you? I was a papist. Go you there.—What were you? A protestant. Go you there.—And you? A Turk. Go you there: And you, Sir Godfrey? I was of no sect. Then God will say, Sir Godfrey, chuse your place.

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#### VOLTAIRE

OBSERVES, That it is not right to publish all that kings have done, but only their most memorable actions, it is neither right to publish all that poor authors have written, but only what may, by impartial judges, be deemed worthy to be transmitted to posterity.

THE GOSSIPER, N<sup>o</sup>. XXVI.

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THE MISERIES OF BEING A POET.

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TO THE GOSSIPER.

MADAM,

FOR under this title I presume to address you, conceiving that your numerous correspondents have hitherto committed a great blunder in supposing a personage of *your* character and description to be a *gentleman*. The many grievances which have lately been submitted to your notice, have so deepened in me the sense of my own, that I cannot forbear troubling you to increase the melancholy list, by adding to it the sorrows I allude to, which are no less than—the miseries of being a poet! It is now somewhat more than ten years since I was first seized with the delightful mania of scribbling what are commonly called *verses*. My early attempts were, of course, rude, and for a long time I had wisdom and modesty enough to carefully conceal them; but on one unfortunate occasion, having aspired after and obtained the poetical prize at school, my vanity so far got the better of me, that I sent a copy of it to my friends in London, and the praises they bestowed on my composition were so extravagant, and so often repeated, that I determined to give up all my energies to the cultivation of the muses; and thus, in a very short time, became a professed poet. The rapid improvement that I made, or fancied I could discern in myself, only stimulated me to greater exertions, and as the style of my poetry was of that cast usually termed *pensive*, all the young ladies of my acquaintance were particularly forward in commending whatever flowed from my pen; for which

I flattered them in turn by continual compliments to their real or imaginary beauty, comparing their eyes to the stars of heaven, their cheeks to the lilies and roses of the field, their dazzling necks to the Alpine snows of Italy, their teeth to the pearls of Indus, and as to their breaths—though I must confess some of them were rather unsavoury, if too nearly approached—they were nothing short of Arabian gales! I mention this to convince you, that I had not falsely arrogated to myself the dignified epithet of *poet*; for, of course, it is perfectly familiar to you, that such beautiful, such novel, and *unhacknied* images as these, constitute the very essence and spirit of poetry. Well, madam, I was just congratulating myself on the rising honours to which I seemed destined, when a circumstance occurred that suddenly darkened all my prospects; and gave origin to events, so truly calamitous, that I have a thousand times deplored the day when first I chimed two words together. My grandmother, a very worthy old lady to be sure, had been obliged to drown one of her French lap-dogs, and I was requested to write a poetical tribute to the memory of the departed favorite. This task I executed with some disrelish, and, therefore, with some difficulty; but all concurred in saying that the lines were so appropriate, and their melody so touching, that my chagrin at the degradation of my muse was in some measure abated. But, alas! alas! my comfort was of short duration; for it was only the next day that another aged relative begged, as a great favour, that I would just celebrate in a few stanzas the character and qualities of her blind pug, as she thought his fidelity was a pattern to all mankind! I was forced to comply, and after very close application, produced a most affecting picture of canine gratitude and faithfulness, interspersed with many grave and moral reflections on the turpitude of man. Here I hoped my labours were ended, especially as I received, at this period, an invitation, which I joyfully accepted, to spend a few weeks at my uncle's residence in the country. I was, as you may readily imagine, not a little surprised at finding

the fame of these two last productions had travelled before me; and, for a moment, I felt something like alarm at the discovery; but considering I was at a rural town fifty miles from the metropolis, I solaced myself with the supposition that poetry could be but in slight request here. A fortnight, however, had scarcely elapsed, when coming down stairs one morning, I found my cousin Caroline all in tears. I eagerly enquired the cause of her distress; and, after much sobbing, understood that her Canary-bird had died in the night; and, what was infinitely worse to *me*, that nothing would console her but a monody on its death. She was a very beautiful girl, and really looked so interesting at this moment, that I instantly consented. Now I know of nothing on earth so inspiring to a poet as female loveliness; and, therefore, I composed the said monody with all the brilliancy and tenderness such an occasion would admit. This sealed my ruin at once.—It was handed round the whole neighbourhood, and scarcely one of its female fashionables, from the parson's lady down to the grocer's wife, but hastened to compliment me on my transcendant abilities, not indeed by the emptiness of mere words, but by giving me a hundred subjects of a similar, or as trumpery a nature to write upon. I directly made my escape to London. All was in vain—this was only “out of the frying pan into the fire!” Day after day brought me personal or epistolary applications for the employment of my muse; and I was selected as the mighty bard, destined to commemorate in heroic strains all the births, deaths, and marriages of the family. What I had done at first with tolerable willingness, I was compelled to do afterwards for fear of shewing partiality, or giving other offence; and thus, for the last six years, I have been unceasingly pestered by aunts, cousins, cousin-germans, and all sorts of relations, down to the thirtieth, and fortieth degree, exclusive of acquaintances, young, old, and without number, to devote my poetic genius to the lowest, and most absurd, and despicable purposes. “Oh, Hamlet! what a falling off was there!” But to give you, madam, some

faint idea of the extent of my miseries, and to warn your readers from ever meddling with poetry, I have only to inform you, that during the period of these my sufferings, I have written no less than twenty-six nativity odes, principally to please and gratify the fond mothers of my numerous nephews and nieces; sixty epitaphs on lap-dogs, and others; seventy-five on cats, male and female; forty-three on birds of various descriptions; nineteen on squirrels; twelve on dormice, and several other subjects equally ludicrous and contemptible. In short, I am living in a state of constant perturbation, fearing that every coming day will acquaint me with some new death among these amiable animals; and, such is my terror, that if I do but hear a cat sneeze, or a dog puke, I start as if some horrible phantom were at my side; and, instantly foreboding their speedy dissolution, I involuntarily compose a dozen or two lines for the occasion, before I recover from the reverie into which my alarm has plunged me. This nervous irritation of mind might alone account for the very ungallant commencement of my letter; but, as a further apology, I must do myself the justice to add thus much—that my persecutors, in almost every instance, have belonged to that class of ladies commonly known, behind their backs, by the appellation of *tatlers*, or, in other words, *gossips*; and, therefore, it can be no wonder that I took you for a member of the same sisterhood, seeing you style yourself a Gossiper. The immediate cause, however, of my addressing you, was a violent fit of passion, into which, about two hours ago, I was suddenly thrown by an antiquated virgin of my acquaintance telling me, with the most piteous sighs, that “*poor Jumbo, her dear little ring-tailed monkey,*” was dead, and imploring me to celebrate its many virtues in an elegy! I could contain myself no longer; I rushed up stairs into my bed-room, and seizing hold of the Ladies' Museum, which was laying on the table, endeavoured to quiet my ruffled temper by reading its amusing contents. In turning over the leaves, my eyes darted on the word “*Gossiper*;” I instantly flung open my writing-desk, and thinking the recital of my ill-fortune

might convey a very useful lesson to the rising generation, I determined to enumerate all my miseries in a letter addressed to your ownself; which having done,

I have the honour to be

Your's, madam, most obediently,

POETICUS.

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#### ROUBILLIAC.

THIS very ingenious sculptor was in person rather under than above the middle size. He married a lady who, however like the Grecian Venus she might be in other respects, was considerably taller. Intent on study, the bridegroom never thought of having any alteration made in the nuptial bed, to adapt it to the length of his fair partner, so that, though it suited him most admirably, it was found to be near a foot too short for the lady. How was this defect to be remedied? In these cases, the sculptor was of opinion that two heads are better than one; he therefore resolved to ask the advice of a friend, to whom he mentioned the untoward circumstance. This friend, who happened to be a bit of a wag, heard him with great gravity; and after considering the subject for some minutes, advised him to have a bedstead of Procrustes\*, which might, according to his plan, be contrived to suit any dimensions. Roubilliac, who was a better sculptor than a classic, very naturally enquired where he lived. "O!" said his friend, "I'll send him to you." An upholsterer accordingly soon after arrived. "Mr. Piecrust," said Roubilliac, "I vant you to make me a ped." "Sir," said the man, a little surly, thinking that he laughed at him, "my name is not Piecrust; it is *Doc*." "Ah, ha!" returned the sculptor, "vat you say? *Dough*! it is all de same; for vat is de *Piecrust* but *Dough* ornamented?"

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\* A famous robber, killed by Theseus, who was in the barbarous practice of measuring all his victims by a bedstead which he kept for that purpose; and according as their limbs were too long or too short he amputated or stretched them.

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**MOTHERLESS MARY;****A TALE.**

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**CHAP. I.**

It was a bleak evening in the month of October, when a little girl, about eight years of age, shivering and crying, seated herself on the fallen trunk of a tree; and looked mournfully round, as if hopeless of being able to reach the end of her journey. She had already walked, or rather run, four miles; the wind blew keenly, and the falling rain, mingled with sleet, drifted in her face. Mary had not been reared with the tender care which some children experience, whose parents live in affluence; she had been accustomed to gambol about in all weather, and felt little inconvenience from the scorching sun, or the severest frost; but her little heart was then cheerful and happy; now it was depressed by sorrow, and the dread of future suffering; for on that very morning she had, for the first time, witnessed the pangs of death—had seen a beloved parent expire. Mary, shocked and alarmed, knew not what to do; she called loudly for the woman who had nursed her mother through a long and painful illness; but no answer was returned. The mercenary wretch, finding that her charge was no longer sensible of what was passing around her, packed up what few valuables she could lay her hands on, and set off, leaving the helpless orphan to shift for herself, in a lone house, six miles from the nearest market-town. Unwilling to believe that her mother was quite dead, Mary thought only of obtaining the assistance of the apothecary, who had been regular in his attendance, until that day; and immediately hurried away, in the hope of reaching Henfield before it would be too dark to find her way; but, in her eagerness, she had turned into a

wrong path, and found she had a considerable way to go back, before she could regain the right road. Mary retraced her steps with a heavy heart; she proceeded as fast as she possibly could, but she felt sick and weary, and halted for a few moments to regain strength enough to continue her solitary journey. At length, her spirits revived by hearing the rattling of a post-chaise; she sprung upon her feet, and waited its approach. It contained a lady, and a beautiful girl, about her own age; Mary raised herself on tiptoe, and extended her arms. Surprised at the action, and still more so at the manner of the little suppliant, the lady kindly enquired what she wanted. "Only take me to Henfield; pray take me to Henfield!" cried she eagerly. "What business have you at Henfield?" asked the lady; "do you live there, child?" "Oh! no, ma'am," replied Mary, "but the doctor does; and my mother is dead, I believe, and I want him to come and do something for her." "How foolish!" said the little miss. "But if your mother is dead, my dear, the doctor can do nothing for her. Who is your mother, and where do you live?" enquired the lady. "My mother is Mrs. Powell, and we live in the white house on the common; it is very far from here, and I have walked till I am quite tired." "Have you no friends near where you live?" again the lady enquired. "Why did you not call in some of your neighbours?" "Nurse, Bridget, said she would beat me, if I told any of them how bad my mother was; and while she staid, I did not mind; but when she went away, and my mother could not speak, I did not know what to do; so I thought it best to fetch the doctor at once." "I do think you are telling me stories, child; I can scarcely believe you," said the lady; "however, you may come into the chaise, and I will take you to Henfield." Mary leaped with joy; and, for a few minutes, all her sorrow was forgotten. When they reached Henfield, Mary knew not how to direct the post-boy; but, to her great delight, the doctor chanced to pass just as she was reluctantly stepping from the chaise; she hastily ran up to him, and repeated her artless tale. Mr. Danvers shook his head. "I fear, my

poor girl," said he, "it will be of no use; I saw yesterday that your mother had not many hours to live; however, I will go with you: just stop till I get my horse." "I do not think the poor little creature can walk back," said the lady; "I am going to alight at the Lion, and I will pay the driver to take her back." "You are very good indeed, ma'am," cried Mary; "I am sure I should not be able to walk as fast as the doctor's horse."

Mary had not been long in the chaise, when, groping about the seat, in the restless playfulness of childhood, she caught hold of a piece of riband, and drawing it out, found it attached to a small net-work bag, which had slid down behind the cushion. The impulse of natural curiosity led her to examine the contents, and, emptying it into her lap, she found a beautiful coral necklace, a little amber-box, which contained several pieces of gold coin, a morocco needle-book, and a case of cards, on which the owner's address was written—"Mrs. Bouverie, Portman-Square." Mary had never heard of such a place; the prize she had found was of the most tempting kind; and she surveyed it over and over again with admiration. "It is mine now," thought she; "for I shall never see Mrs. Bouverie again, I dare say, and I am sure I cannot find out Portman-Square. How lucky! I never had such pretty things in my life. How pleased my mother will be!" This was the thought of a moment; for, on looking out of the window, she saw the doctor ride forward, and his sad errand struck upon her memory; the tears trickled down her cheeks. "Ah! if my mother is indeed dead, what am I to do? Now I recollect, she often told me I was to be good and honest, and God would take care of me when I should be motherless; perhaps I am motherless now, so I ought to be good and honest; and I will; but then I must not keep these pretty things; for they do not belong to me." These thoughts employed Mary till the driver opened the door, and told her he could not take her to the common, as it was out of the way. "I know my way home," said Mary, "so you need not trouble yourself; but when you go to Henfield again, I wish you would give

this bag to the lady who was so kind as to take me up; I dare say she left it in the chaise." "Oh! to be sure I will," replied the post-boy, holding out his ready hand; "I shall be there to-morrow, perhaps." Satisfied with this effort of honesty on her own side, Mary had no suspicion that the driver never intended to seek for the owner of the bag; and she hastened home without giving it a further thought.

When she reached the white-house, she found the doctor surrounded by a number of the rustic neighbours, who were telling him how shamefully the dead body of poor Mrs. Powell had been deserted. All that remained on the premises appeared barely sufficient to defray the expence of the plainest funeral; and as Mary knew of no relations or friends that her mother had, it was agreed that she must become chargeable to the parish. Poor Mary wept bitterly; but it was more for the loss of a mother she dearly loved, than from any idea of her own wretched state; though she had heard that parish children were sometimes treated harshly, and were put out to hard labour. Her small stock of clothes, though not fine, were neat, and of superior quality to those of other country children; and these, she was told, she might still keep; also a ring which was taken from the finger of the corpse; it was composed of hair set in gold, and of trifling value; though Mary prized it highly, as it had been always worn by her mother as a guard to her wedding-ring. On that same evening, Mary was removed by the parish officers to the workhouse, where we must leave her a short time, and give some account of Mrs. Bouverie, who will be made further mention of in the remaining pages of our little history.

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## CHAP. II.

Mrs. Bouverie, the lady to whom we introduced our little heroine in the last chapter, was the widow of a gentleman of large fortune, whose estates lay chiefly in the county of Essex; having no son, the entailed land and family-mansion

became the property of a nephew, who was not yet of age, and with it a considerable part of his personal property, on condition that a union could be brought about between the heir and Mr. Bouverie's daughter Charlotte, when they should both attain a proper age, otherwise it was to go to a distant branch of the family. A very handsome income still remained to Mrs. Bouverie, with which she also enjoyed the privilege of remaining at the family-seat, which was her favorite residence during the minority of her nephew; but as the ample fortune which Charlotte would come into possession of, and the prospect of such an advantageous match, rendered it necessary that she should have a finished education, Mrs. Bouverie thought it best to reside the greatest part of the year in London. This was indeed the motive she declared to the world; though, as she was still young and handsome, many believed that she had no objection to mix in the gay scenes a town life afforded, especially as her daughter was as yet not old enough to derive much advantage from the measure she adopted. Consigned to a nursery from her infancy, and till her eighth year, almost a stranger to her mother, it is not to be imagined that Charlotte could feel for her that warm affection which children bear towards parents who take a livelier interest in what concerns them. Mrs. Bouverie was, however, too blindly partial to this only child to perceive this deficiency of filial regard; or if she did perceive it upon some very glaring occasions, she, in a great measure, consoled herself by attributing it to the volatility and thoughtlessness of youth, and redoubled her injudicious indulgencies in the hope of attaching her daughter to her, while, in fact, by this very method she only increased the selfishness of her disposition.

Surrounded by strange faces, in the parish workhouse, poor Mary found no one to comfort or console her. The matron gave her her allowance for supper, and, at the allotted hour, put her to bed, where she soon wept herself to sleep; and, in the morning, awoke with confused recol-

lections, as if from an uneasy dream. When she took her place in the school-room, the matron was agreeably surprised to find that she could both read and work in a manner that shewed she had not been neglected; and she began to consider that Mary would soon be of great use to her in a school already too numerous to be properly superintended by an aged and infirm woman. The day, however, had not passed over, before a man on horseback rode up to the house, and enquired for the little girl who had been admitted the day before. Mary was soon brought to him. "Is your name Mary Powell?" he enquired sharply. She replied in the affirmative. "Then you will please to give me the bag and trinkets which you stole out of the chaise." Terrified by the severity of his manner, Mary trembled from head to foot. "I never stole any thing in my life," she replied, in a faltering voice; "I found the bag behind the cushion." "Oh, ho!" cried he, "you have got it then; that is enough for me; so now, my little honest one, please to deliver it up." "I have not got it indeed!" said Mary, shrinking behind the matron, as if for protection. "Come, come, girl, that won't do," vociferated the man, in a tone of authority; "you must either produce the bag, or I shall take you before the magistrate, who will, perhaps, send you to prison." Alarmed by this threat, poor Mary fell on her knees. "I cannot give you the bag; but pray do not send me to prison; for I would not have given it to the post-boy, had I known any body would come to ask for it." "Are you sure this is the truth?" asked the man, a little softened by her infantile distress. "It is, God knows!" replied Mary. "The post-boy promised me he would take it to the lady who was so kind to me; for I thought it belonged to her." The matron now interposed in her favour, and told the man that she believed Mary was a very good child, and had been honestly brought up; she had no doubt but she spoke truth; she was sure she had nothing of the kind about her, except a ring, which she assured her was her mother's. "Well, mistress, if that is the case, we must not frighten the poor thing

any more. She will be safe here with you ; and I must find out this same post-boy, who may be the rogue after all." The man then departed, to the great relief of Mary, who now felt reconciled to being the inmate of a workhouse, since she had been threatened with the alternative of a jail.

(To be continued.)

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### THE MAGNANIMOUS GOVERNOR\*.

A SHORT time previous to the dreadful massacre which bears the name of St. Bartholomew, from its having taken place on the night between the 23d and 24th August, 1572, orders were sent by the French king to the governors of the provinces to murder all the Protestants in their respective districts ; when two or three refused to obey ; and one among them, named Montmorrin, governor of Auvergne, wrote the following letter to the king, which deserves to be transmitted in characters of gold to the latest posterity :

SIR,

I have received an order, under your majesty's seal, to put to death all the Protestants in my province. I have too much respect for your majesty not to believe the letter a forgery ; but if (which God forbid) the order should be genuine, I have too much respect for your majesty to obey it.

N. B. We have since seen Atheists destroying Roman Catholics ! an equally reprehensible transaction.

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\* See Lockman's History of the Romish Persecutions in France, page 201.

CAMBODIAN HALL ;  
OR,  
*LAW AND LICENTIOUSNESS.*

*(Continued from page 139.)*

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PART IV.

IN a former part of this narrative, it has been observed, that Miss Stanhope was ignorant, whether she was an isolated being, or had any near relative from whom she might hope to receive kindness and protection ; and we may surely attribute it to the watchful eye of an all-seeing Providence, that, at the moment she most required the latter, her brother returned to England.

To the death of his father, and the total revolution which had taken place in his sister's circumstances, he was a total stranger, until he arrived at their native spot ; when, half distracted at the bare idea of the hardships she was exposed to, he flew upon the wings of fraternal affection to Mrs. Jackson's. His feelings, it might justly be said, were completely tortured, whilst listening to that loquacious woman's description of his sister's privations ; yet they were greatly relieved by an assurance, that the lady who had obtained her a desirable situation, was a most amiable woman. Whilst Colonel Stanhope was listening to Mrs. Jackson's recital, his attention was attracted by the singular looks of a servant, who accidentally came into the apartment, and who, when her mistress mentioned Mrs. Wilkins in terms of eulogium, shook her head in token of disapprobation. This circumstance at once roused the curiosity, and called forth apprehension ; and as the girl opened the street-door, he slipped a one pound-note into her hand, and desired her to be at the end of the street in a quarter of an hour.

Horror-struck with the account she gave of Mrs. Wilkins' intriguing propensities, and exasperated against Mrs. Jackson, his first determination was to return, and wreak his vengeance; but he was restrained by the supplications of the poor girl; and, ordering a post-chaise and four, he set off that moment for Mr. Arcot's residence.

Agitation of mind, and fatigue of body, brought on alarming symptoms of a serious illness; and when Colonel Stanhope had arrived within seven miles of the place of his destination, he found himself compelled to stop at a respectable inn, and send for medical assistance. Relieved by a copious bleeding, and the medicine recommended by this judicious gentleman, Colonel Stanhope expressed an earnest desire to reach Cambodian Hall that evening; but, restrained by the counsel of Mr. Hawthorn, he consented to defer his journey until the following morning, on condition that the disciple of Esculapius would partake of a boiled chicken with him. By this invitation, the colonel indulged the hope of being able to gratify his curiosity respecting the family in which his sister resided; and, not having announced his name to his new acquaintance, he thought himself more likely to obtain Mr. H.'s real sentiments. He commenced his plans by admiring the surrounding country, and saying he felt inclined to become an inhabitant of it, if there was any gentleman's seat to be let, upon a small scale, yet with a few acres of land attached to it.

"I am happy to say, I know a place, sir, which exactly answers your description," said Mr. Hawthorn; "a man of the name of Jackal has the letting of it." "Jackal!" exclaimed the colonel, "if his nature and name bear any affinity, I should not be desirous of having any dealings with him." Mr. Hawthorn smiled at this declaration; and, in confidence, allowed Jackal to be both rapacious and over-reaching; "therefore, I would advise you, sir," said he, "to appear totally indifferent respecting the treaty you intend entering into with him." By a complete soldier-like manœuvre, the colonel contrived to lead the conversation to the heads of the house in which his sister resided; and

he then discovered that his new acquaintance was their medical attendant. Though Mr. Hawthorn endeavoured to conceal his real sentiments of the new mistress of the mansion, yet it was evident to the colonel, that he neither thought her likely to excite sentiments of esteem nor respect; and he unhesitatingly declared, he was certain Miss Stanhope could never feel happy with such an associate. Of that young lady, he spoke in terms of the highest eulogium; and dropped hints of Jackal's designs upon that unsuspecting girl, which so completely roused his companion's resentment, that he ran the risk of betraying himself; a new idea, however, suddenly occurred to him, which completely checked the impetuosity of his feelings. That his sister could not recognize him, after thirteen years' separation, was certain; for at the time he left England, he was a mere stripling; he, therefore, resolved to take the house, which was within a mile of Mr. Arcot's, for the sole purpose of watching the insidious Mr. Jackal's movements. As that fraternal affection which actuated every movement, rendered him desirous of having an interview with his sister, he resolved to be the bearer of a letter to her, and introduce himself as Mr. Cavendish, the particular friend of a brother, whom in all probability she had imagined dead.

Having formed this plan, he requested Mr. Hawthorn to accompany him to Jackal's on the following morning; and every thing was arranged for that purpose before they parted. In the letter, which he purposed delivering under the feigned name of Cavendish, he informed her, he had been sent fifteen hundred miles into the interior parts of India with his regiment, which had precluded him from writing by any of the East India ships; but that, having returned to Bengal a few days before his friend's departure, he had accidentally met a gentleman who had made him acquainted with his beloved father's death, and with the total alteration of circumstances which had been produced by that melancholy event; concluding the epistle by an assurance, that he should soon be in England, to restore her to independence and affluence; and informing her, that Mr. Cavendish would

supply her present necessities to any amount she might wish. Impatient to behold this beloved relation, and to arrange his well digested plan, he sent a waiter to Mr. Hawthorn, as soon as he had breakfasted; and was much disappointed at hearing he was attending a female several miles distant. Impatiently he awaited the medical man's arrival; but he did not appear until evening; and it was then evident to Mr. Cavendish (as I shall at present term him), that something unpleasant had happened.

Though wishing to avoid that idle curiosity which at once betrays a prying meanness of disposition, Mr. Cavendish could not avoid saying, he was sorry to perceive his companion's mind under the impression of dejection. "Oh! I am both hurt and exasperated!" exclaimed Mr. Hawthorn; "for though I had heard many instances of Jackal's licentiousness, yet the effects which I have just witnessed of his depravity and inhumanity far exceed the credibility of man; and, sir," added he, "as you say you are the friend of Miss Stanhope's brother, for heaven's sake, remove her far from the designs of that intriguing villain; for purity itself could not long remain unspotted, if exposed to that vile wretch's machinations." "Monster of iniquity as he is, he would not dare to attempt contaminating a mind like Miss Stanhope's!" said her brother, whilst indignation darted from his eyes as he spoke; "but, Mr. Hawthorn, allow me to say I have private reasons at the present moment for not wishing my intimacy with the family of that amiable young woman being known; and though the letter her brother entrusted me with, will, of course, announce that circumstance to her, I shall entreat her not to name it to Jackal; in short, it does not appear to me probable, that she could have any confidential conversation with such a fellow."

The stopping of the carriage at Jackal's door, prevented Mr. Hawthorn from replying to this opinion; and, as has been observed, the lackey was immediately dispatched to Cambodian Hall for him. It had been preconcerted, that the surgeon should introduce Mr. Cavendish as a gentleman desirous of taking the house in question, for the purpose of

being attended by him, provided the terms were moderate, otherwise he would remain a month, or six weeks, at the inn.

Jackal, who had literally taken more wine than he was accustomed to do, was completely sobered during his walk, by the reflection of the folly he had committed in censuring the character of Mrs. Arcot, and exposing the depravity of his own sentiments; and aware his patron would be highly gratified by obtaining a tenant during his absence, he appeared very desirous of accommodating Mr. Cavendish. As the house had been furnished as a hunting-box for the season, he was delighted at the prospect of obtaining a yearly tenant; and, as each was actuated by their own private reasons, every thing was arranged before they parted.

*(To be continued.)*

#### THE TIMELINESS OF DEATH CONSIDERED.

It is a remark unthinkingly, but frequently made, when any of our friends or acquaintances are cut off in the bloom and vigour of life, that they died an untimely death. Now it would seem from this, that the timeliness of death depended altogether upon the *age* of the individual, than which a more erroneous opinion can scarcely exist; for the timeliness or untimeliness of death can only be determined by the state of our preparation for so awful an event, and in no wise by the number of years we may have lived. They who have made their peace with God, though dying, as it were, in the very bud, die of all periods the most timely and the most happy, because the whole object of the longest life is accomplished in them: their death, on the contrary, can only be unseasonable to them who fear to die, because they are not fitted for another world; and a death like this, whether it happen in the extremest age, or in the earliest youth, is equally untimely and equally to be deplored.

ALTIDEM.

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## THE MONITRESS.

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### ON THE NECESSITY OF ENCOURAGING THE GROWTH OF THE SOCIAL AFFECTIONS; AND ON THE DUTY OF CHILDREN TO THEIR PARENTS.

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"PROVIDENCE," observes an admired writer\*, "by having distributed mankind into families, and willed the relations of husband and wife, father and child, brother and sister, hath impressed the seal of sacredness upon the kindred affections." Though nature has implanted the seeds of social affection in the human bosom, yet they will neither take root, nor blossom, without the aid of cultivation; for they require the balmy breath of sympathy to bring them to a state of perfection.

Of all the sympathies which can warm the heart of an individual, and expand it with a mixture of gratifying sensations, none possess an equal degree of influence with those which are excited by filial affection; for gratitude gives force and vigour to tenderness, and makes additional claim upon love; the kindred affections are strengthened by an interchange of kindnesses, and by a multiplicity of agreeable associations, which, in no state of life, can occur with so much regularity as between children and their parents. For a succession of years, the trifling attentions of the former are as incapable of essential advantages as the rain which fertilizes the earth, of swelling the waters of the ocean; but when age shall have destroyed the vigour of manhood, or misfortune shall have withered maturity in the bud, then is the time for the feelings of affection to make some return for the incalculable debt of gratitude.

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\* Christian Philosophy, by the Rev. Robert Fellows.

Stripped of the sweet domestic affections, and destitute of the love of kindred and friends, how naked, cheerless, and destitute, would become the life of man! Where, in misery, should we seek for refuge,—or, in misfortune, look for commiseration, if the bonds of nature, or the ties of friendship, afforded no resting place for our afflictions?

In the education of children, few things are of so much importance as the cherishing sentiments of universal benevolence; and as in childhood, the power of sensation is stronger than that of reason, habituating the mind to humane and tender associations, children thus instructed will seldom, at an after period, display an apathy to the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, or a deficiency of affection towards their parents; and this may naturally be accounted for, as tenderness and humanity imperceptibly become the guides of action.

“How many useful lessons,” observes the author whose sentiments I have quoted, “might the preceptors of youth learn from meditating deeply upon the power and influence of early association; and how subservient might they render them to the cause of benevolence and religion.

“We should be particularly solicitous to ingraft upon the heart, whilst it is incorrupt and innocent, habits of kindness and benevolence; and this might easily be effected, by taking advantage of the casual incidents which occur. Were pleasurable feelings connected with the idea of benevolence, before the love of sensual or selfish gratifications had made any deep impression, the affections would not only receive a forcible, but a lasting and unconquerable bias.”

How deplorable are the consequences which arise from an opposite mode of conduct! and how pitiable is the child who, even during the period of total helplessness, is permitted to lord it over his inferiors! and at an age which requires perpetual assistance, becoming a little domestic tyrant! how completely should we diminish the portion of human misery, if we could reverse the common order of education, and teach children to associate the idea of honour with forbearance, and condescension of manners with real self-

importance. In cherishing the growth of kindred affection, and in sowing the seeds of philanthropy and benevolence, parents may be said to lay up a store of happiness for their children which neither the hand of time, nor the shafts of adversity, can dissolve. Those who have attentively observed human nature, will perceive a wide distinction in the affection of those children who have been educated under the eye of attached parents to those from whom they have been separated from an early period of existence. This alteration proceeds not from any defect in the temperature, but from the want of those early associations, which, by a chain too fine for discrimination, imperceptibly attract the affections.

In an intercourse with the world, to how many mortifications are we subject! how reiterated are the disappointments to which artless ingenuousness is exposed! how frequently do plausible manners conceal apathy of disposition, and pretended refinement of feeling veil the corruptibility of nature! But in the tender ties which bind parents to their children, or sister to brother, no mortification of this description can happen; for the disposition of each is known to the other; and one interest tends to strengthen the indissoluble bonds of affection.

Families thus cemented, present to the imagination a faint representation of the felicity to be enjoyed in a future world; and if the opinion of the celebrated Dr. Hartley\* is to be credited, much of the happiness we are there to enjoy will depend upon the amiability of our disposition. This idea alone, if universally inculcated, would be sufficient to impress the minds of parents with the necessity of endeavouring to subdue every impulse of resentment or animosity in the disposition of their children, and to instil into their hearts the milder duties of piety and benevolence.

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\* Dr. Hartley, in his excellent publication entitled, *Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations*, is of opinion that the associations or sympathies which we contract on earth, will accompany us into a future state of existence.

With what eloquence did the great teacher of Christianity endeavour to impress the minds of his hearers with universal philanthropy and benevolence. "If ye love not your brother, whom you have seen," he demanded, "how can ye presume to love God, whom you have not seen?" And to convince them that the most trifling act of charity should not pass unrewarded, tells them, that even a cup of cold water bestowed with a benevolent intention, shall not fail meeting with its reward.—But to revert to the subject which gave rise to the preceding observations; namely, the secret satisfaction which is to be derived from a mutual interchange of the social affections; and the duty and attention which children owe to their parents.

In the meridian of life, Mr. Cawthorn, a most respectable man of business in London, received the pleasing intelligence that a distant relation, with whom he was far from intimately acquainted, had unexpectedly bequeathed him fifteen thousand pounds. Being fond of the country, yet his family and connexions all residing in, or near, the metropolis, he resolved to retire from business, and purchase an estate, which was advertised, in the neighbourhood of Hammersmith; and as about four acres of land was attached to it, he fancied his mind would be completely occupied between attending to his garden, having a small dairy, and watching the growth of his poultry and pigs. These amusements, for the short time they had novelty to recommend them, produced the desired effect; but a mind accustomed to all the bustle of an extensive business, soon sunk under the inactivity of mere country amusements. His friends who easily discovered the alteration in his manners, and the total depression of spirits under which he laboured, attributed it to his not having a cheerful domestic companion; assuring him perfect happiness was only to be expected in the marriage station.

Fully aware indeed that something was necessary to render a life of inactivity even tolerable, Mr. Cawthorn began to listen to his friends' counsel, and to fancy that something was a woman. As he was in the full vigour of life, rather

handsome, and possessed of the advantages of fortune, there was little doubt of his meeting with a female ready to unite her fate with his own. In fact, various were the attentions with which he had been honoured by the ladies, from the time of his taking up his abode in the neighbourhood; these, however, as he was entirely free from vanity, he attributed to their politeness of manners, and the sociability of their dispositions; but the moment it was known that he really intended altering his situation, the overtures were too direct to be misunderstood. Amidst the fair admirers of Mr. C. or his fortune, was a widow lady of the name of Dashwood, who had married a man old enough to be her grandfather, under the hope of obtaining an affluent income. Whether, during the seven years fate decreed them to pass together, the lady was unable to conceal the motive which induced her to enter into the station, or whether the husband discovered traits in her character not likely to increase the spark of affection, is a circumstance with which I must for ever remain ignorant; but certain it is, that, instead of leaving her the bulk of his fortune, he only bequeathed her one hundred and fifty pounds per annum.

A revolution so unexpected, was too much for female fortitude to sustain with any degree of composure; and what added greatly to the shock, the disconsolate widow was destined to encounter, Mr. D's. natural son did not treat her with that respect and commiseration she fancied due from her husband's heir; for unfortunately the young man could not be persuaded to drink from the Lethean waters to efface from memory the treatment he had received from her. Having passed the two first years of widowhood in total solitude, she once more resolved to try the effect of her charms, which her glass told her, though rather waning, were still powerful enough to make an impression upon a susceptible heart. With this view, she took a first floor in the environs of Hammersmith, having, when in the zenith of her glory, visited two or three families in the hamlet; and as there were both widowers and bachelors worth

attracting, she resolved to commence her plans of speculation upon them. Fortune, as if determined to make restitution for her vagaries, in less than six months brought Mr. Cawthorn to Hammersmith, presenting to her delighted imagination, what might justly be termed, a golden harvest.

I will not attempt to describe the various stratagems resorted to for the purpose of obtaining what she so ardently wished; but merely inform my readers, that, in due course of time, the manoeuvring of Mrs. Dashwood succeeded. Transported from the confines of a cottage to the comforts of a capacious mansion, it might naturally be supposed the bride was elevated to the summit of human happiness; and never did man enter into the state of matrimony with a disposition more calculated to enjoy the sweets of domestic bliss. Temper, however, that foe to connubial happiness, blasted those prospects which hope had so flatteringly painted; and though Mr. Cawthorne's spirits were roused from a state of torpor by perpetual discord and jangling, yet he had so little comfort in his home, that, within twelve months after his marriage, he entered into a mercantile partnership.

Though Mrs. Cawthorn has been represented as still a fine and handsome woman, yet she was supposed to have been of an age when a family was not to be expected; but, to the astonishment of her friends, or I ought rather to have said her acquaintance, an heir, or heiress, gave promise of appearing. Though this circumstance afforded a transient pleasure to the disappointed husband, yet had he married a woman whose disposition was calculated to inspire esteem, far different would have been his feelings; however, he generously resolved, during his wife's pregnancy, not to oppose the most capricious of her wishes.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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## WIFE AND NO WIFE;

## A ROMANCE.

(Concluded from page 150.)

WHEN he returned, he brought me intelligence of a most interesting nature. "Your father," said he, "has been dead these ten months; he has bequeathed to Miss Darlington an immense fortune, and she is in consequence more self-sufficient and overbearing than ever: surrounded by lovers, most of them probably attracted by her money, she affects to treat them all with disdain; one among them, however, is expected to succeed by mere dint of perseverance, and this is no other than your favoured Englishman; his name is Angerstein, and his father is her guardian. Be not alarmed," he continued, observing me change colour; "if you follow my directions, we will circumvent all this, and have a glorious revenge." "I do not understand you, sir." "Perhaps not; it is not even necessary you should just now; however, keep your own counsel; do not breathe a word of our scheme to Mrs. Harvey, nor attempt to contradict any thing that I may assert. Assume your male attire, and we will go to town; she thinks you are to remain here some time longer. We will get acquainted with this celebrated sister of your's, and then act as circumstances may require." It was thus, by imperceptible degrees, the crafty Don Lopez moulded me to his purpose; and what I at first undertook as a simple frolic, was at last, through jealousy and envy, changed to a most serious and malignant plot. Chance favoured our undertaking; an indefinable sympathy made Virginia attach herself to me in a manner she could not account for; and I, in her presence, forgot every motive for dislike, and loved her in despite of my determination to the contrary. To my great

satisfaction I found, that she was, in fact, wholly indifferent towards him I was most apprehensive of her regarding too partially. With our subsequent proceedings, you are doubtless acquainted; but it is necessary, in my own vindication, to say, that I consented only to carry the imposition so far by the menaces of Don Lopez, who assured me, that, on my refusal, I should be condemned to a cloister for life. Wholly in his power as I was, it was impossible for me to disobey him. Mrs. Harvey had been already informed, that the expected marriage of Miss Darlington with his son Sebastian, brought him to England; the event, therefore, excited no surprise; and it was settled, that I should quit Virginia on the day of her marriage, and return to Mrs. Harvey's in my proper person. To all my enquiries respecting the result of our imposition, Don Lopez returned vague and evasive answers; I little imagined him capable of the cruel revenge he even then meditated, as you will find by the letters\* inclosed for your perusal.

And now, Angerstein, you have received my confession, it remains for you to decide whether I may obtain the forgiveness of those against whom I have so cruelly transgressed. I fear not. If so, my fate is decided. Farewell for ever! It is fit that I should suffer. Release Virginia from the horrors of her present situation; overcome by your generous exertions in her behalf, she cannot surely remain long insensible to your merits; she must, she will be your's; and my only solace will be, that, in the midst of your felicity, you will sometimes breathe a sigh for the unfortunate, the misled, guilty,

ISABELLA.

Angerstein perused this memorial with mingled astonishment, agitation, and perplexity; the circumstances it related were so extraordinary and unprecedented, as to leave him in doubt what judgement he ought to form; his heart pleaded for Isabella; yet she had been guilty of a most cul-

\* See the letters of Don Lopez to Sebastian, page 86.

pable deception, and had acknowledged that she had been partly instigated by jealousy and envy; yet her confession evinced her penitence; for so skilfully had every thing been conducted, that the secret was unknown to any but the parties concerned, and might have remained so till the death of Virginia, when all Miss Darlington's property would have gone to Isabella; Angerstein, therefore, determined to see the former before he formed any decision, and accordingly hastened to the place of confinement specified in the address which Isabella had inclosed in the packet. By using the name of Don Lopez, he gained easy access to her; and was sensibly shocked at the alteration which the horrors of her situation had occasioned. At sight of him, she burst into tears; and, rushing towards him with extended arms, exclaimed—"Heaven has sent me a friend at last! Oh! take me, take me from this dreadful place!" Angerstein soothed her perturbation with the kindest assurances; and finding that any attempt to converse with her, while under her present terrors, would be unavailing, he immediately satisfied the extortionate demands of the unfeeling monster who had treated her with unjustifiable cruelty, and conveyed the unhappy sufferer to his carriage. As soon as the hated mansion was out of sight, Virginia appeared more composed; she turned her melancholy eyes upon Angerstein, and with the most affecting earnestness, asked, if he really thought her insane. "Certainly not, my dear Miss Darlington," returned Angerstein, taking her passive hand; "you have been barbarously used; and I have a long and painful explanation for you; I must, therefore, beg of you to excuse my taking you to my house, until you can determine how much of your sad story you would wish your friends to be made acquainted with." "I have been cruelly used indeed," replied Virginia; "but I know not who to accuse as my persecutor: they told me, I was mad, that I had no husband, and that Don Lopez had given the order for my confinement. Surely, surely, Sebastian had no hand in it!" "Miss Darlington," said Angerstein, after a moment's pause, "I will not increase your future anguish by continu-

ing a deception which must soon be disclosed; you have no husband; you are indeed a *wife, yet no wife!* for the ceremony which passed was a trick, and the pretended Sebastian an impostor." Virginia heard no more; already weak and exhausted by suffering, this unexpected disclosure overpowered her, and she continued in successive fainting fits till they reached town. Alarmed beyond measure, Angerstein immediately sent off for Miss Melcombe, whose judicious attentions soon restored her friend to tranquillity. She then requested the necessary explanation, and Angerstein put into her hands the narrative of Isabella.

Virginia remained in close consultation with her friend for several hours; she then sent a message to Angerstein, intimating that she was too ill for conversation, but wished to remove to the house of her uncle, from whence she would write to him. Angerstein then assured Miss Melcombe, who was the bearer of her friend's message, that he was entirely devoted to her service, and would take any measures she might deem expedient to bring to justice the destroyers of her peace. Until this was decided, Angerstein wished not for an interview with Isabella; he was now acting consistently with the dictates of honour, and feared the overthrow of his resolution, if he trusted himself with the sight of that too fascinating, too persuasive object; but Isabella was too sincerely repentant to have attempted any thing like persuasion; she knew well how the generous disposition of Angerstein would impel him to act; she knew that he would sacrifice his own happiness rather than act in a manner inconsistent with strict integrity; and she prepared for her fate with the dignity of one who had been culpable without any intentional criminality. On her the disgrace and the punishment must entirely fall; for Don Lopez, as selfish as crafty, no sooner learnt the release of his victim, than fearful of prosecuting his former threats of vengeance, and apprehensive only for his own safety, he secured himself by a precipitate flight.

After an interval of the most agonizing suspense, Angerstein received the following letter from Virginia—

"The struggle is past; the lingering remains of a weakness, the only weakness which ever degraded my character, I have at length subdued; and I now address you with the satisfactory consciousness, that my decision will prove my sincere gratitude for your kind, your disinterested conduct: greatly as I have suffered, sadly as I have been deceived, I am above the wish of revenge. That stubborn heart, which scorned even you, was, by a strange fatality, doomed to throb with affection for—what shall I say?—an impostor;—no; for a sister! It was the voice of nature; and though the world might hold me in derision, I feel no blush of shame tinge my cheek at the recollection of my error. And what is the world to me, hovering, as I now am, on the verge of the grave? Had I contented myself with treading the beaten track, and not chalked out for myself an eccentric orbit, my lot might have been more fortunate. No matter; I have erred; and I will not attempt to hide my own folly by impeaching others. Sebastian was dear to me; I cannot hate Isabella; but she is mistaken in supposing, that I can ever be induced to love one attached to another, whom I refused, even when I knew him wholly devoted to me. But I can do more, I can promote his happiness, and repay evil with good, by leaving Isabella free and unmolested. For myself, there remains but one course to pursue; my shattered constitution requires change of climate; I will seek the friend of my childhood; and with her pass the remaining hours of an existence valueless to myself and others; or, should it please the will of heaven to lengthen out that remnant beyond my expectation, I will bury myself and sorrows in religious seclusion. I have enclosed the copy of my will, in which Isabella will find herself remembered largely, though she is not my sole heiress. Tell her, I forgive her, and shall ever pray for her happiness.

VIRGINIA.

The contents of this letter, Angerstein immediately communicated to Isabella, whose emotion was great on the perusal: she insisted upon seeing her sister; and though

Virginia wished to decline the interview, she persevered in her determination, and rushed into her presence; there, at her feet, bathed in tears, she conjured her to renounce her intention of retiring from the world, and vowed, solemnly vowed, never to admit a thought of happiness while she remained an immolated victim. Virginia raised and embraced her; but still remained inflexible; and, locked in each other's arms, the sisters gave full vent to their emotions. Their apprehensive friends separated them; but their care was unavailing; Virginia was removed from the apartment in strong convulsions, from which she recovered only to repeat her forgiveness, and breathe an expiring blessing. Respect for the memory of the unfortunate and respected Virginia, caused the delay of the nuptials of Angerstein and Isabella; and, in that interval, intelligence reached them of the death of the vile Don Lopez, whose malice and avarice, though eventually triumphant, had afforded him no gratification, but had condemned him to a disgraceful exile, and the misery of a guilty conscience.

#### THE POWER OF PAINTING.

VLADIMIR, great duke of Russia, was converted to the Christian faith by the sight of a picture, representing the last day, with all its horrors: terrified at the ghastly appearance of shivering, guilty souls, he shrunk back, and turned away his eyes. "Where would you wish to be?" said the Christian who shewed him the piece. "By the side of that amiable and venerable person," replied Vladimir, pointing to the sovereign judge. "Embrace his religion and laws," said the missionary, "and you may have a place there." The prince consented, and his subjects followed his example.

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**REMARKS ON THE NARRATION OF AGLAÛS.**

*(Concluded in our last.)*

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THE Narration of Aglaüs has great merit; the moral inferences to be drawn from the action and descriptions of this fragment are too palpable to require either comment, or reflection; the writer has, therefore, omitted them, as irksome and unprofitable to the generality of readers. A very severe and striking moral was not to be expected from a representation of those ancient sports in which the prize of beauty was contested; yet nothing can be more moral than this piece; or more free from critical observations. The author also deserves praise for having discovered in the mythology of the ancients and their fabulous Dictionaries, facts and subjects that have never been cited, nor treated of. The singular renovation of Aglaüs and Calysphire gave rise to sentiments that had never been before expressed, and to situations absolutely new; but it is more astonishing, that in works of imagination, no one should have ever written of the Sacred Spring. This barbarous custom might be made the subject of a fiction much more affecting than that of the adoption of Aglaüs; for example, by supposing that two victims of the Sacred Spring, of different sexes, had fallen in love with each other before the sacrifice, and been abandoned on the same spot;—nothing could be more interesting than the developement of the sentiments and love of these two beings, of the same age (not more than fifteen), experiencing the same desertion, and, powerless and unexperienced, left alone in the universe. It is hoped, that this charming theme will engage the pen of as chaste and ingenious an author as that of Paul and Virginia. The vow of the Sacred Spring not being a mere fable, but a Pagan superstition that actually existed, the

writer would not be obliged to introduce any thing marvellous, but might simply make his fiction, a Grecian romance. What a charm would the descriptions of the finest sites, under the fairest sky, with the harmony of the names, the elegance of the costume and the customs of the ancients, spread over the work!

This same superstition would also supply the painter with an admirable subject for a picture, if he chose the moment of abandonment in a foreign country. The victim might be seen, crowned with roses, seated upon a stone, raising her veil, to bid an eternal—adieu!—to her fainting mother; a family in tears, a severe pontiff, and a retinue of priests and musicians, forming a group which would furnish materials for exhibiting the various expressions of their different countenances.

We have given the author all the praise we can; but, we must tell him with the same frankness, that, after the allegory of the Genius of Melancholy, we expected to find a new and pleasing disclosure of the feelings of Aglaüs in the desert; and this expectation has been deceived: every one can guess at what is experienced in passing from maturity to age; but no one has yet reflected on the less common transition from age to maturity; the author should, therefore, have given an idea of the secret thoughts of Aglaüs during this strange revolution. We are not ignorant that, in a subject which required an imitation of the ancient manner, this unravelling of interesting sentiments, when natural, could not be given; and are only to be found in modern works. The ancients have sometimes *prated* about, but never *searched* into the human heart, although they have often portrayed its movements in an admirable manner. It seems that they have described what they have felt, or what has struck them, without combination, or a study of nature. Their descriptions are poetical, because always vague. For these reasons, we did not expect from Aglaüs, a circumstantial recital, full of detail, delicate discriminations, &c. but we looked for some general ideas, some interesting traits, and found nothing but a few insignifi-

cant lines. The conclusion is dry, common, and too much compressed. Indeed the writer has only given a sketch of the latter part.\*

### LORD GRANVILLE.

LORD GRANVILLE, though a man of undoubted integrity, and regular in his own personal expences, yet, by leaving his affairs entirely to stewards and other domestics, was generally very much in arrears to his tradesmen. One day his coal-merchant found the way into the study, where his lordship was sitting, and after remonstrating in pretty strong terms on the debt he owed him, the length of time it was due, &c. &c. at last concluded with saying, if he was not paid very soon, he could not possibly furnish his lordship with any more coals; upon which his lordship, who heard him with great gravity, replied, "Upon my word, my good friend, I should feel this last menace of your's very severely, but that my butcher has just been here upon the same errand, and has told me he will send me no more meat; now, as that is the case, you see I can have very little occasion for your coals."

\* We agree with the writer of this article, that the latter part of the Narrative is too much compressed; but if the author had attempted to give the thoughts and reflections of Aglaüs, while in solitude, it would have engaged him in a work of more magnitude than he intended; and, perhaps, led to discussions foreign to his purpose. Yet this might have been briefly done; and we know of no other well-founded objection. As to the feelings of Aglaüs, while retrograding, an account of them must have been more curious than useful. That a most interesting work, of greater extent, might be formed from the same materials does not lessen the value of the present performance. We, however, court discussion; and wish our Correspondents freely to criticise the contents of our publication.

ED.

**THE BATTUECAS;****A ROMANCE,****FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.**

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**TRANSLATION,****FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.**

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IN the year 1791, it was impossible to be longer deceived, at least entirely, as to the consequences of the French Revolution; yet some intrepid characters, actuated by the purest motives, willingly remained at Paris. They did not hope to stem a torrent that was bearing down all before it; but they flattered themselves, that they should often be able to check its impetuosity. In a tremendous tempest, whilst we can be useful to those around us, to think of our own personal safety only, and to abandon our posts, is a culpable desertion.

The Marquis of Palmène, deputy to the National Convention, was among the virtuous few who still retained the hope of doing good; but at length every illusion which had incited him to brave so many frightful dangers, vanished in succession. The sacred bond which united the altar, the throne, the state, and the country together, was broken; baseness, impiety, and avarice, unrestrained and unmasked, rushed upon the bloody reins of government, and furiously seized them, crying out—*Let us hold them, and revenge ourselves.* At these words, thousands of scaffolds were raised; the priests, nobility, and gentry, were immolated; instead of ancient doctrines, a general exemption from all duties was proclaimed; and honour and virtue were supplied by an ungovernable and boundless ambition; the sole objects of their writings were to deify crime, calum-

niate history, dishonour the past, and drive away recollection; the future was obscured by a muddy veil; and deprived of every certain, consoling, and elevated thought. There was no alternative between death or flight; and you must either resign yourself to one, or determine upon the other.

The Marquis of Palmène fortunately found means to make his escape with his only son, the young and amiable Adolphus, who was eighteen years of age. They fled to Spain; where Adolphus expected to meet her whom, from his early years, his father had destined to be his bride. He was to have been married to this young lady the same day she departed, at an altar secretly prepared at the bottom of a cellar; for those who wished their hymeneal oaths to be sanctified by religion, could not at that time be married in any other way; a priest, at the hazard of his life, attended to conduct the lovers to the altar; but a new and urgent danger had suddenly compelled Calista (which was the name of the lady) and her mother hastily to depart without the least delay. The only consolation of the despairing Adolphus had been the certainty of soon meeting Calista again in Spain. The ardent and tender affection that he had for her was not a vulgar passion, but a sentiment founded on esteem and duty, confirmed by habit, and the delightful association of early impressions. How tedious to him appeared the journey! At length, after disguising themselves a thousand different ways, and constantly encountering as many dangers, the two fugitives happily passed the dreadful frontiers of France on foot. At this instant, Adolphus rushed into the arms of his father; prostrated himself upon the happy soil of this hospitable and religious land; and embraced it with the enthusiasm of a sailor, who, escaped from the fury of the winds and waves, reaches, and once more touches land. O father! cried Adolphus, you are now out of danger! The sword of the assassins is no longer suspended over your head; crime will no longer madly threaten your life; and I shall soon see Calista again.—Dear Adolphus, replied the marquis, my fears for your safety are at an end! Ah! con-

tinued he, after this long stupor, I shall recover the exercise and free use of my intellectual faculties. I can avow my sentiments, and profess my belief. Those I leave in France are either sanguinary brigands, or unhappy persons, who are under the necessity of concealing their opinions, their regret, their wishes, and their sorrow: this unfortunate country contains none but furious tyrants, slaves, and victims ready to sink under the axe of butchers! Here religion subdues the passions; and fortifies and confirms the soul in virtue; here she makes a duty of justice and goodness; prescribes holy faith, watchfulness, and devotedness, to fathers and husbands; keeps children in respect and obedience; the prop of the throne and legitimate authority; she gives the sanction of heaven to the laws; in fine, she stretches out her arms to every suffering being; receives them in her bosom, and consoles them.—Alas! said Adolphus, our unfortunate country is deprived of all these benefits.—My son, let us pray for it. We shall pass nights without terror, and days without tumult; but let not the sweetness of repose and security blunt our feelings to the misfortunes of our compatriots; let us ennoble exile by generous sentiments! let us not resemble guilty deserters, vile persons banished, who detest the place which gave them birth. Let us always preserve French hearts in a foreign country; and fugitive and proscribed, let our country still have our best wishes. As he said these words, he cast his eyes to the right, and starting, stopt. He perceived in a field, by the side of the high-road, an ancient wooden-cross, blackened by time, but carefully preserved by the piety of the shepherds round about, to whom an old tradition rendered this religious and rural monument doubly precious, which a little thatched dome, supported by four large trees, whose tops had been cut off, protected from being injured by the weather: this kind of rustic temple was surrounded by a hedge of myrtle and white thorn, which preserved it from the approach of cattle. At sight of this gothic cross, hung with field-flowers and pious offerings, the marquis experienced the most delightful sensations. After having

witnessed so much sacrilege and impiety, he could appreciate the happiness of being in a Christian land: it seemed as if his religion was restored to him: he contemplated with rapture this revered sign of our salvation, which was also to him a sacred pledge of his personal safety; for every idea of order, peace, morality, and humanity, were naturally attached to it again. The two travellers kneeled down at the foot of the cross. O God! cried the marquis, may reason and virtue one day fix the bewildered desires of our inconstant nation, and may that which now receives us for ever persevere in good!—Such was his prayer. The love of his country, and gratitude for hospitality, could inspire nothing better.

Our travellers, on rising, perceived figures engraved on the cross; which indicated that it had been placed in this field for more than two hundred years. Look, my son, said the marquis, look how this fragile piece of wood is preserved; whilst in France, England, and Germany, the spirit of innovation has destroyed, in the space of two ages, so many superb marble and bronze religious monuments. But, in the country we are entering, every thing bears the stamp of a worship which has ever been respected, of that ancient worship which goes back even to the apostles. Faithful people, how thou wouldst defend, were it necessary, religion, thy country, and thy king!\*

The travellers, who spoke the Spanish language fluently, went to Madrid, where they had relations of considerable rank at court; who received them with the generosity so natural to Spaniards. Besides the marquis had contrived to transmit a sum of money to Spain which secured him a decent competency for some years; at least, it appeared

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\* The author seems to have forgotten the cowardly conduct of the Spaniards in resisting their invaders, the French; an event, it is true, which the marquis might not be supposed to anticipate at this period; still a knowledge of the fact might have prevented this exaggerated praise; but it is evident that the writer is a catholic; and this is sufficient to account for her prejudices.

sufficient for emigrants, who were always ready to entertain hopes of soon being able to return to France again. On entering Madrid, Adolphus felt the greatest concern, at not meeting Calista and the Countess of Auberive, her mother, as he had expected. The two emigrants went immediately to the banker's, for whom the marquis had given letters to the countess; and the agitation of Adolphus was increased, when the banker told them, that he had not heard of these two French ladies. What is become of them? exclaimed Adolphus, seized with the greatest terror. Great God! continued he, they have not been able to pass the frontiers; and have been arrested! At this terrible idea, tears checked his utterance. My son, replied the marquis, their names are so well known, that if they had been so unfortunate, we should have known it before we quitted France, since they departed nearly two months before us. Their flight was perfectly concerted, and they were accompanied by one of our friends, of whom you can have no doubt, and who, without having participated in the crimes of the republicans, has great credit among them. You may be sure they are in Spain; some incident, of which we are ignorant, has prevented their coming to Madrid.—But no letters!—They have doubtless written to us; but a letter may be lost. The marquis thus concealed his own apprehensions for the purpose of dissipating his son's. Six months elapsed at Madrid; and not the least account was received of the fate of the two fugitives. At the expiration of this time, some slight intimation induced the marquis to determine on going to Cadiz; where he remained eight months without obtaining the slightest information about them: on his return to Madrid, young Adolphus, overcome by his feelings, fell dangerously ill. The skill of his physicians, and the attentions of the most tender father, restored him to life; but nothing could cure the mortal wound of his heart.

(To be continued.)

## SOLUTION

TO THE ENIGMAS IN OUR LAST.

IN art and in science we ever shall find,  
 Attempts are praise-worthy t'improve the young mind ;  
 As such, Sir, are your's in your liter'ry steerage,  
 To enigmatize promptly *Debrett's British Peerage* ;  
 For trifles as these will the mind as well school her,  
 As the intricate problems of *Euclid* and *Euler* ;  
 And—*pour passer le temps*—I believe I have hit on  
 The names of the last mentioned Peers of Great Britain.  
*Duke of Brandon* is seven, (insisteth my daughter),  
*Lord Braybrooke* is eight, and the ninth is *Bridgewater* ;  
*Ten* is *Carrington's Lord*, or I'm very much out,  
 And *Chesterfield's Earl* is eleven, no doubt ;  
 The *twelfth* is what ev'ry true heart must adore,  
 The *Crew* of those Bulwarks which guard Britain's shore.  
 March 10th, 1817.

## ENIGMAS.

(Continued from page 164.)

13. A weapon thrown by the hand, and  
 An aperture in the head.
14. The birth-place of the noted *ram*,  
 " Whose space between his horns, sir!  
 Was as much as a man could reach,  
 And there were galleries built, sir!  
 For Presbyterians to preach."
15. To cultivate land, and  
 A *preposition* set before a *noun* or *pronoun*.
16. A troublesome clamorous creditor, and  
 The name of a vessel to hold drink.
17. A well-known animal of the chase, and  
 A place filled with timber.
18. Grass dried for fodder.

## EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

*FOR MARCH, 1817.*

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DURING the month, three bills have been brought forward, and passed as rapidly through the two Houses of Parliament as if the existence of the state depended upon them; the first, for the protection of the Prince Regent's person; the second, for the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act; the third, for the Suppression of Seditious Meetings;—to the first, there can be no objection; to the second, every one must object who is not acquainted with the real necessity of such a measure, and who knows the value of his own personal liberty, of which he may now be deprived upon the slightest pretext, or a false accusation; and to the third, there is great objection, that it gives a magistrate the power of apprehending any man he may please, and imprisoning him as long as he please, without assigning a reason, or bringing him to trial. The sufferer, though perfectly innocent, when discharged cannot recover damages for false imprisonment, even though it should ruin his business and future prospects. These are indeed important measures, and affect the interest of every member of the state vitally; and therefore it is not surprising that they should have so much engrossed the attention of ministers as to have made them nearly forget their promised economy and retrenchment; which, now they are no longer in fear of a half-starved population, driven to desperation by their distresses, are thrown on the shelf to be taken up at a more convenient season. The Committee of the House of Commons on Finances and Expenditure have, however, resolved to *recommend* the abolition of the following offices, *after the death* of the persons now holding them;—Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, four Tellerships of the Exchequer, two Chief Justiceships in Eyre. The whole number of

offices hitherto marked for suppression is nine; but the names of the other two are unknown. The incomes of the preceding seven amount to about £20,000 per annum.

Previous to the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, though so little time was allowed, petitions were presented against it by the Common Council of London, the inhabitants of Westminster, and other respectable bodies; it is therefore to be hoped, since the sense of the nation is decidedly against the measure, that those who have vested themselves with such extraordinary powers as this obnoxious measure gives them, will at least use it with great discretion.

Vast numbers of people have continued to assemble in most of the principal towns in the kingdom; in some a disposition to riot has been evinced, but this has been suppressed without difficulty by the magistracy and soldiery; the most forward have been Birmingham, Manchester, and towns adjacent. At Manchester, many thousands of persons assembled were proceeding with their individual petitions to London, to lay them at the feet of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and beg his interference in their behalf for a redress of their grievances. The magistrates and a party of the first dragoons, under colonel Teasdale, surrounded a temporary platform, near St. Peter's church, and conveyed those who were addressing the populace to the New Bailey prison. The soldiers followed the people in their way to Salford, Stockport, and Macclesfield, and here they were nearly all dispersed, except about twenty, who had advanced into Staffordshire. The total number conveyed to the New Bailey prison on this occasion is computed to be 164.

A number of designing, or deluded, persons about Manchester were apprehended at Heaton Norris; and are charged in the commitment with treasonable and seditious practices. Six of their chief speakers, it is stated, have been sent to London, under the secretary of state's

warrants; and the rest, twenty-one in number, conveyed to Chester Castle. Sixteen of these have since been liberated, on their taking the oath of allegiance; and five have been required to find bail. The people are represented to have made a ludicrous appearance; many of them having their bed-blankets thrown over their shoulders, and fastened in front over the breast with a skewer, those who could not procure knapsacks or haversacks having large bundles attached to their shoulders.

There is also much distress existing in Ireland, owing to poverty and dearth of provisions; riots in various places, from the people opposing any removal of grain or meal from one town to another; near Sligo, three rioters were killed by the military, and fifteen or twenty wounded.

The four state prisoners in the Tower are confined in different parts of that fortress. They may be occasionally seen at the windows of their apartments, which are on the upper stories. They are closely confined, each has a sentinel constantly in his apartment, and access is denied even to their nearest relatives.

Cashman, who received sentence of death as one of the principal agitators of the late riots, was executed, pursuant to his sentence, directly opposite Mr. Beckwith's door, in Skinner-street, on Wednesday morning, the 13th of March. He behaved with great courage throughout; addressing the populace, he denied the principal part of the evidence against him, declared he should in no way have been a participator, had not the government used him ill, by not assisting him with a part of the prize-money of £200, for which he had a claim; and met his fate with that undaunted bravery for which our British sailors are so eminently distinguished. He had been engaged in many actions in the service of his country, and had scars of nine wounds he had received in them. To the time of this unfortunate broil, he bore an unblemished character.

M. Lavallette, who was saved by his heroic wife, is

now in Germany, and going to settle with the Ex-Queen of Holland, in the dominions of the King of Bavaria.

A most singular document has been published, in the form of a remonstrance, from Buonaparte against his treatment at St. Helena. To preserve something like imperial state and dignity, he breathes out his complaints in the name of General Count Montholon, one of his attendants, in a letter professedly addressed to Sir Hudson Lowe, but evidently intended to meet the eyes of all Europe. M. Santerre is the name of the writer of the pamphlet which contains the letter, with many interesting particulars.

Advices have been received from Canton of so recent a date as the 17th Nov. from which we learn, that Lord Amherst is on his return to Canton without accomplishing the object of his mission. During his stay at Pekin, which was about a fortnight, he made every exertion to procure an interview with the Emperor, without submitting to the degrading prostrations which are prescribed by the court etiquette of China, upon those who are suitors for an introduction to the imperial presence. Finding the Emperor, however, inflexible upon this point, from the intrigues of the Mandarins, he left Pekin on the 7th of September, and was expected to reach Canton about the end of November. Presents were exchanged, and his Lordship is said to be the bearer of a letter, from the Emperor to the Prince Regent, though the Prince Regent's letter to him had not been received. The Chinese had taken some offence against Capt. Maxwell, and a number of war-boats were stationed round the *Alceste*, to intercept her supplies from the shore. No explanation having been given, the *Alceste* proceeded up the river to the second bar; the war-boats soon followed, and when the frigate approached Chim Pee, they fired at her: this was at first returned with powder, and afterwards by shot over the Admiral's boat, which had the desired effect. Two forts in the Bogue, however, fired a

tremendous cross-fire upon the frigate, in the evening, without any other damage than three or four shots in the hull; which, as soon as the captain could bring his frigate to bear upon them both at once, he returned by two successive broadsides, starboard and larboard;—the forts instantly ceased, the *Alceste* was quietly suffered to proceed to her destination; and what is most singular, to the 7th of November, not the slightest notice had been taken of the affair by the Governor of Canton.

Accounts, via America, state that Captain Maxwell, in a few days, went on shore, required an explanation of the Governor, and was answered, that the forts meant to salute him, and that any hostile proceedings were unauthorised.

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## THE DRAMA.

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### COVENT-GARDEN.

MR. BOOTH, who succeeded on his first appearance in the character of Richard the Third, has occasioned a litigation between the two rival theatres, and made himself the subject of public animadversion and reprehension. The particulars of this affair are briefly—

That Mr. Booth, not approving the terms proposed by the managers of Covent-garden, offered himself to the committee of Drury-lane, entered into an engagement with them for three years, at an increasing salary, and after appearing for the first time at that theatre in the character of Iago to Mr. Kean's *Othello*, and being announced for a second appearance in the same character, he treated with the managers of Covent-garden, for the same increasing salary, on their giving him an indemnity from any suit or action that might be preferred against him, and disappoints the public at the rival theatre. This conduct excited the public indignation; and, on his next appearance in *Richard* at Covent-garden, and for

several nights after, the clamour and opposition to him were so great, that he could not obtain a hearing, and in each of his scenes, was greeted with groans and hisses. Several appeals to the public were printed, in order to appease their resentment; but these attempts to justify what was considered culpable only irritated their feelings the more; nor was he suffered to proceed in his part, till he had admitted his fault, and thrown himself upon the clemency of the audience. He was brought forward in the most humiliating manner, with these words, in large letters, on a placard—"I have erred, and throw myself upon the liberality of a British audience." This succeeded; the indignant feelings of the public were overcome; and he has since performed Richard several evenings with applause. He is an improving actor, who much resembles Mr. Kean in his natural qualifications for the stage; and may in time become his rival.

*March 15th,* Mr. Booth made his appearance in the character of Posthumus Leonatus, in *Cymbeline*; and performed it with energy and discrimination; the scene in which he recognises and pardons the author of his misery, bore ample testimony of his powers and sensibility. He was more approved, because more himself, and could intermix nothing imitative. His defects are from inexperience: he has a strange manner of shuffling his feet; and, as it were, sliding along the stage; his action is sometimes studied and artificial, and his gesture addressed to the eyes, rather than understandings and feelings of his audience. Miss Costello, from the Cheltenham theatre, personated the part of Imogen, for the first time in town. She perfectly understood the character; but, perhaps from diffidence, appeared to want more experience.

*March 8th,* Mr. Booth, in *Sir Giles Overreach*, appeared in dress, air, and the sound of his voice, so like Mr. Kean, that the audience seemed to have but one suppressed opinion. Mr. B. is wasting powers that should stand alone in the ungracious task of imitation. As he became more animated in the passion of his part, he was less of a copiest, and displayed genius which requires nothing but self-reliance and industry

to call forth. The scenes in the last act were the best, and though he was loudly applauded, there was an impression left of a confused mixture of talent and imitation, that took from the merit of the performance.

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### DRURY-LANE.

*Feb. 20th.* Mr. Booth appeared, for the first time, in Iago. In his scenes with Rodrigo he was too boisterous, and had not the coolness and craft of this subtle character; but in his scenes with Othello, his hypocrisy and vindictiveness were well depicted; and from the third act to the end, he rose in his performance, and was received with applause.—Mr. Kean's Othello was peculiarly animated, and marked with all that varied excellence in the impassioned scenes for which he is so highly gifted.

*March 4th.* This evening Mr. Fisher, from the Exeter theatre, made his first appearance in Young Rapid in *The Cure for the Heart-Ache*: his countenance is intelligent; he is of the middle stature, and in person rather full; his voice is soft, but not clear; his action easy, but not varied. No decided opinion can be given of him at present; but he seems deficient in the requisites of sprightliness and alertness.

*March 8th.* The new tragedy, called *Manuel*, performed for the first time this evening, was well received. It was at first ascribed to Mr. Mathurin, the author of *Bertram*; but since, to a juvenile author, named Ashton, who resides at Clapton, as it is said, upon creditable authority. The plot of the piece shall be given in our next, with an opinion of its merits.

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### LITERARY NOTICE.

Just published, *MONTAGUE NEWBURGH*; or, the Mother and Son; by Alicia Catherine Mant; author of *Ellen*; or, the Young Godmother; and *Caroline Lismore*; or, the Errors of Fashion. In two vols. 10s. 6d. boards.





*Morning & Evening Costume for April 1887.*  
*Invented by M.<sup>rs</sup> Bell, 52, St. James's Street.*

*Pub. by Swan & Knolly, Threadneedle Street, London.*

THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR APRIL, 1817.

EVENING DRESS.

A GAUZE dress, trimmed with satin, ornamented with two bows of riband; the waist made short and full, which is the prevailing taste; the sleeves are likewise made short and full, and richly ornamented with bows of satin riband:—with this dress is worn the Pamela apron, trimmed round the edges with satin, one corner of which is looped up with a bow of white satin riband; the skirt trimmed with pipings of white satin, and bows of white satin riband, producing a rich and beautiful effect. The Armenian divorce corset is an indispensable appendage to this dress. A Pamela cap, composed of tulle and satin, ornamented in the front with pearl beads, and round the crown a wreath of flowers, pearl necklace, white kid gloves, and white satin shoes. We can recommend this dress to our fair and lovely country-women as one of those that so eminently contribute to the fascination of their native beauty and simplicity.

MORNING DRESS.

A RICH morning dress, composed of ripped muslin, trimmed with a cambric flounce, richly edged with satin-stitch, also with plaited bands of cords, in the form of tucks; the back full, the front plain, and a high standing collar; the sleeves long, and rather full, finishing at the wrist with a double flounce of cambric muslin; this beautiful dress is finished at the neck with four rows of cambric muslin edged with satin.

The Huntley cap, composed of satin, inlet with lace, the edge of the cap trimmed with three rows of rich lace, and fastened under the chin with a diamond broach; on the top of the cap is worn a rose of moderate size. Gloves and shoes to correspond. Leghorn hats, of the Florence fabric, are extremely scarce, and much in request by females of the first rank.

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### COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

THERE has been no alteration in gowns, since our last; but the mode for ball-dresses has undergone a most eccentric change; the taste is now for a frock composed of white crape, decorated with rouleaus of satin riband, and an apron so sloped as to be wide at bottom and narrow at top; a corner of this apron is fastened up on one side with a bow of riband. The border of the frock is edged round with rouleaus of riband, like those on the apron, with bows interspersed.

Merino cloth pelisses, of garter blue, trimmed with gyp, and three rows of yellow silk buttons, of a spiral form, placed near each other, down the front, are generally admired; these buttons are also placed on the epaulettes, and the back. The buttons for a white Merino pelisse are either blue or rose colour.

The hats most worn are made of satin, with the blond quilling transferred from the verge to the crown. Hats of black velvet, lined with white satin, with extended brims, the crowns in the form of a toque, covered with satin are much in request. The most fashionable hats are now rarely trimmed at the edge.

Turbans and toques, of various descriptions, are used for evening head-dresses. The most classical is the turban twisted in several rouleaus, like those worn by the disciples of Mahomet.

Bouquets, composed of one full blown rose, mixed with white hyacinths, or some other early flower, are universally worn in dress.

THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



## SONNET.

THE moon is up—the stars are twinkling bright  
In joyfulness; and, stretch thy utmost view,  
There's not a cloud in all that world of blue!  
Here let us pause, for heavenly the delight  
Such scene inspires.—How beautiful the sight  
Of nature's slumb'ring form! how sweet to stray  
Thus lonely; list'ning, as they die away  
Soft on the tranquil bosom of the night,  
The varied accents gently breathing round;—  
The hum of men—the whispering of trees—  
Or watch-dog's bark—upon the tremulous breeze  
Mingled at intervals, like the dull sound  
Of midnight waves, that on some distant shore  
Murmur their last farewell, and then are heard no more.



## SONNET.

How beautiful amid the vault of night  
Hangs the pale crescent, and yon neighbouring star  
'That, like a rival gem, hath set its light  
In proud array beside her horned car;  
That both do beam together as the world  
Should gaze admiring, dubious to declare  
Which radiant orb the face of heaven impearl'd  
With brighter loveliness! for each doth bear  
The name of goddess—one the virgin queen  
Of modesty—the other, crown'd like her,  
Is beauty's empress—mark their outward mien  
With equal truth, and, if thou canst, prefer  
The chaste cold gleams of Dian, or the fire  
Of Venus, love's sweet nurse, and parent of desire.

## TO FORTITUDE.

SPIRIT of heaven! from thy eternal throne,  
High on some craggy rock majestic rear'd,  
Where thou dost sit unshelter'd and alone,  
Yet calm the while, as one that never fear'd;  
List'ning, with unchang'd brow, to the rude roar  
Of warring winds, and the tempestuous waves  
That tossing, thundering on the rugged shore,  
Make frightful tumult, till the echoing caves  
Are hoarse with clamour—from thy stormy seat,  
Spirit of heaven! my glowing breast inspire!  
Like thee, unmov'd, my fortunes let me meet,  
Nor stoop complaining, nor ignobly tire;  
But still, as black'ning spread the clouds of care,  
Oh! nerve my sinking heart, and teach me how to bear!

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## SONNET.

Is it not worse than foolishness in man  
To mourn the rugged aspect of his lot,  
To waste in sorrow life's remaining span,  
And dim with tears, when tears can help us not?  
Perhaps 'tis thine a rigid doom to share,  
To mark in turn each treasur'd hope decay,  
And wearied out with toil, perplex'd with care,  
To journey heavily upon thy way,  
Sick of this breathing world—perhaps 'tis so—  
Yet there's a place of rest where these shall cease,  
Where pain shall never come, nor harm, nor woe:  
Then wait, resign'd, that hour of certain peace,  
Nor tremble thus to drink the cup of gall—  
A little while, thou know'st—and then farewell to all!

ON BEAUTY.

How sweet the rose-bud's op'ning flower,  
All glittering with the morning dew;  
And yet how soon a transient hour  
Shall blight that blossom's fairest hue!  
So Beauty blooms its little day,  
Caress'd, admir'd by every eye;  
So soon its loveliest charms decay,  
And like the fading rose must die.

February 14th, 1817.

EUPHRASIA.

MYRA.

How matchless the maid that I love!  
Soft sympathy dwells in her smile;  
She's a minist'ring saint from above  
My sorrows and cares to beguile.

This heart, which is void of deceit,  
For her beats with rapture's alarms—  
A maiden so pleasing and sweet,  
A girl of such exquisite charms.

Whene'er her dear image I trace,  
What tenderness beams in her eye;  
Enchantingly fair is her face,  
And there's music in every sigh.

On her bosom I gaze with delight,  
And yet 'tis so modestly shewn,  
So chastely it heaves on the sight,  
I blush at the throbs of my own.

And then in so graceful a way,  
Her 'kerchief is loosen'd to throw  
A barrier, if youth should but stray  
To rifle those hillocks of snow.

The rose-bud that blooms on her cheek  
 The blush of the morning appears;  
 The lily, so mild and so meek,  
 Like Myra—more lovely in tears.

Oh! could I my fair one invest  
 With all that is great and divine,  
 I'd yield them, and think me too blest,  
 Could I call the dear charmer but mine.

Ye Gods, that o'er beauty preside,  
 Still make the lov'd Myra your care,  
 For her soul is untainted by pride,  
 And the mirror of virtue is there.

HATT.

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### STANZAS.

BLOOM on, fair flow'r! in vernal sweetness bright—  
 Now meek-ey'd morn plays on thy damask cheek,  
 Whilst love and joy, in airy revels, seek  
 To shed on thee their rays of purple light;

And when the rose on those sweet lips, dear maid!  
 With all their fragrance perish in the tomb,  
 Thy worth, bright excellence! which ne'er can fade  
 Shall rise, and flourish in immortal bloom!

HATT.

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### CUPID.—AN EPIGRAM.

HAD Cupid, when in myrtle bow'rs,  
 Confin'd his vag'ries to flow'rs,  
 I ne'er had sung my Chloe's charms,  
 Nor press'd the goddess to mine arms.  
 But little urchin, laughing rogue,  
 To bring some torture new in vogue,

Light flew to play his wanton part,  
And shot his arrow at my heart.  
Deign, gentle god of soft desire!  
No more to set my eyes on fire,  
But cool the flame that burns my soul,  
And near me place the sparkling bowl,  
That I may see my mistress' face,  
And all her bland allurements trace,  
With cheek to her's in mantling bliss,  
Deep drinking the nectarian kiss :  
Thus whilst her boy enamour'd sips  
The rosy banquet from rich lips,  
Enchanted by the azure beam,  
Not like Narcissus in the stream  
Shall I with my own beauty pine,  
But love of *thee*—and gen'rous wine!

HATT.

---

TO MR. HATT.

O HATT! thy soft and animating strain  
Springs from a just and sweet poetic vein,  
Your ardent lays my tenderest passions move,  
And swell my breast with sympathy and love,  
What can I tune? Alas! the sacred Nine  
Reject with scorn my song; whene'er with thine  
I strive to vie, or reach thy fancy sweet,  
They justly spurn me far beneath thy feet.  
Press forward still Parnassus' height to gain;  
The Muses call—your dignity maintain;  
And when the storms of life at length are past,  
And you obtain your Paradise at last,  
You'll joyfully renew your favourite theme,  
And add the angel's—to the poet's name!

Ireland.

JAMES GAGGIN.

## LINES

WRITTEN BY MRS. OPIE,

AND SUNG SOME YEARS SINCE AT A BENEFIT CONCERT FOR THE  
WIDOW OF MR. SHARPE, THE CELEBRATED HAUTOBOY-PER-  
FORMER, AT CHAPEL-FIELD-HOUSE, NORWICH.

*(Not printed in her Works.)*

COLD are thy lips, whose gentle force,  
The reed to sweetest strains compell'd;  
Hush'd is the breath whose ready course,  
In lengthen'd tone the cadence swell'd.

Lov'd child of feeling! now no more  
Thy tones the soul of taste shall feed;  
And we in music's brightest hour,  
Shall sigh, and miss thy tuneful reed.

With thee, to our neglected plains,  
The soul of genuine music came;  
Taste, genius, fir'd us in thy strains,  
While all thy precepts fann'd the flame.

But short the boast—those strains so dear  
No more the choral throng shall lead;  
Yet still, in grateful memory's ear,  
Will sweetly sound thy tuneful reed.

---

TRANSLATION

OF SOME LINES WRITTEN IN FRENCH.

WHERE art thou, fair seraph, whose features divine,  
In the mind's glowing picture delighted I trace;  
And as lull'd on my pillow at eve I recline,  
In the dreams of wild rapture so fondly embrace?

Bright goddess of beauty, the soul-speaking beams  
That adorn thy sweet lips, seem to smile and approve;  
But I trace thy existence alone in the dreams  
That are kindled and nurs'd on the bosom of love.

And yet, didst thou *live*, I could never declare  
To such matchless perfection the passion I feel;  
For unworthy to love thee, the sigh and the tear  
That in silence are breath'd, I could never reveal.

Still to Fancy's lov'd visions my vows must be paid,  
And to shadows my fond adoration be giv'n;  
But when cold 'neath the green turf in peace I am laid,  
I may soar to thy bosom, sweet spirit, in heav'n!

L. H. C.

---

SONNET,

TO AN EARLY SPRING-FLOWER.

~~~~~  
BY MR. J. M. LACEY.  
~~~~~

GAY spring-flow'r! pleas'd I hail thy sweet perfume—  
When winter's cheerless skies are seen no more,  
And all his angry winds forget to roar,  
Then thou regalest us with thy bright bloom,  
Which, after months of desolation's gloom,  
Is dear to man, and whispers to his soul  
How great that Power who bids the seasons roll,  
And each in turn its government resume!  
Yet, modest blossom! unassuming flow'r!  
By most unheeded is thy lightsome form;  
Thou'rt thought too simple to bedeck the bow'r,  
And left unheeded to each passing storm:—  
Like genius, timid flow'ret of the mind,  
That worldly notice may not hope to find!

## ANSWER TO THE QUESTION—"WHAT IS LOVE?"

WHAT is love?—Delightful madness!  
Joy and rapture, mix'd with sadness;  
Timid modesty, yet sly,  
Peeping from an hazel eye;  
Sparkling tears that softly roll  
To bind in magic spells the soul;  
Winning smiles that ever play,  
On the rosy lip of May;  
Dimples, sporting on the cheek,  
Miniaures of all that's meek;  
Swelling sighs, and frequent, stealing  
From the heart, it's wish revealing;  
Words that penetrate the breast,  
Hushing ev'ry care to rest,  
Soft, yet fearful, full of meaning,  
With looks of rapture intervening;  
Looks so expressive, that the soul,  
Scorning the bondage of control,  
Seems starting from the uprais'd eye,  
As if on seraph wings to fly  
To realms of brighter bliss above,  
And breathe the purity of love.

And then the kiss so softly sweet,  
As when angelic spirits meet!  
'Tis rapture stealing from the heart,  
Joy that absence cannot part;  
Seas, nor mountains can it sever,  
It breathes, it lives, it glows for ever!  
Ever in its blooming prime,  
It recks not these, nor lapse of time;  
Knows not of change, can ne'er decay,  
But rests, where'er it rests, for aye!

Yet think not all may boast the bliss  
Of love so fond, so pure as this;  
O! think not vulgar minds can know,  
Or dream such heaven of joy below!  
Their's is the tumult of the heart,  
The unrestrain'd, the sensual part;

All, all is mute indifference,  
That does not actuate the sense;  
They know not what it is to feel,  
That something more than words reveal.  
No! delicacy must conspire  
With modesty the heart to fire,  
And kindred souls, alone, can prove  
The thrilling ecstasies of love!

Nov. 25th, 1816.

LORENZO.

---

**ANSWER****TO THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.**

'Tis time,—*when beauty has no pow'r,*  
To while away an idle hour—  
When *fascination fails the fair,*  
Or age has thinn'd the flowing hair,  
And bleach'd the roses on the face,  
And triumph'd over every grace,  
When gaiety forsakes their train,  
And all their conversation's vain,—  
To stoop to CARDS, and sit and play  
The slow pac'd tedious hours away.  
Let cards till *then,* be banish'd quite,  
Nor dare intrude upon the sight:  
For say, while sparkles woman's eye,  
While music breathes in woman's sigh,  
And every tear devoid of art,  
Subdues and meliorates the heart;  
And all her words and actions prove  
That she was only made for love—  
Shall I such influence disregard  
To trifle with a paltry CARD?  
Let those, to whom by fate is given  
(With scarce a spark in them of heaven)  
A mind incapable to trace  
The lineaments of beauty's face,  
Let *them* in CARDS their raptures feel,  
And shuffle dext'rously and deal,

Divide the pool with grace, or play  
 Their *temper*, and their *time* away.  
 Ye fair, to nobler deeds aspire,  
 And sound the magic melting lyre,  
 Across the chords your white arms fling,  
 And tune to love the trembling string;  
 Or swim along the mazy dance,  
 Well skill'd in every fatal glance,  
 And deal destruction with the eye,  
 As round the moving ring you fly;  
 Or take the pencil, and with art  
 The varied tints of flowers impart;  
 So shall the velvet learn to glow,  
 And mimic roses seem to blow;  
 So shall the fruit luxuriant shine,  
 Enwreath'd with tendrils of the vine,  
 And CARDS for ever disappear  
 From all that's beautiful and fair.

LORENZO.

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NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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We beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of several contributions for our poetical department; they shall appear as early as possible.

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We approve of translated, or original "Anecdotes of distinguished Literary Characters," if judiciously selected, and brought within a few pages. Our objection to the Anecdote sent, is on account of its length.

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*M<sup>rs</sup> Ann Plumptree.*

*Published May 1<sup>st</sup> 1827 by Dean & Morley, Threadneedle Street.*